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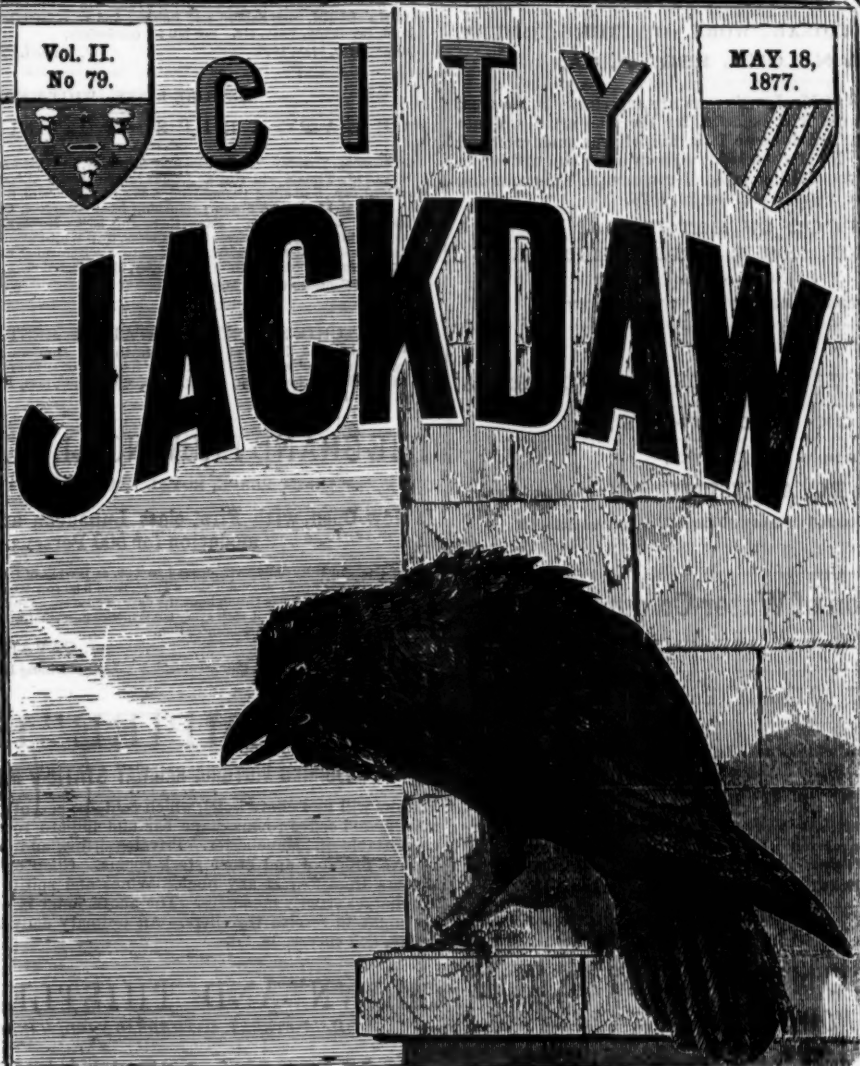
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THE CITY JACKDAW.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

"THE POOL OF BETHESDA."

The Royal Institution, Mosley-street, Manchester.

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THE GREAT DEVOTIONAL WORK OF THE CENTURY,
BY EDWIN LONG, ESQ., A.R.A.

"The expressional merits of Mr. Long's work are supreme. It is a great religious picture, not because it is didactic, for the true artist will not make himself a preacher; but because it is full of true and profound spiritual suggestiveness. No one can see it without being elevated into a region higher than the too-familiar world of commonplace thought and dull emotion."—*Liverpool Argus*, November 25, 1876.

"THE POOL OF BETHESDA,"

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Admission (including catalogue), 1s.; season ticket, 2s. 6d.

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On Whit-Monday, and every day during Whit-week, Excursion Tickets will be issued at Manchester, Miles Platting, etc., to SMITHY BRIDGE, for Hollingworth Lake.

On Whit-Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 23, 24, 25, and 26, Excursion Trains will be run to BLACKPOOL, FLEETWOOD, LITHAM, SOUTHPORT, and LIVERPOOL, from Manchester, Salford, Pendleton, etc.

On Whit-Saturday, May 26, Excursion Trains will be run to WHALLEY, CLITHEROE, and CHATBURN, from Salford and Bolton; and to SKIPTON, for Bolton Abbey, from Salford, Pendleton, Bury, etc. See bill for particulars.

Manchester, May, 1877.

W. THORLEY, Chief Traffic Manager.

CHESHIRE LINES.—WHIT-WEEK.

CHEAP TRIPS TO LIVERPOOL, CENTRAL STATION.

On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday, in Whit-week, May 21, 22, 23, and 26, A SPECIAL TRAIN will run as follows:—Manchester (London-road, South Junction Platform), dep., 6.40 a.m.; Oxford-road, 6.45 a.m.; Knot Mill, 6.48 a.m.; arriving in Liverpool, Central Station, at 8 a.m.; returning from Liverpool, Central Station, Manchester, each day at 8 p.m. Fares there and back—Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday (returning same day), 3rd class, 8s., 1st class, 6s.; Whit-Saturday (returning same day), 3rd class, 8s. 3d., 1st class, 6s. 6d.; Whit-Saturday (returning on Sunday, May 27, by 8.15 p.m. train, or any ordinary train on Monday, May 28), 3rd class, 4s. 6d., 1st class, 9s.

Liverpool Central Station, May, 1877.

WM. ENGLISH, Manager.

MC.RITCHIE'S CENTRAL STATION RESTAURANT, corner of Albion and Trumpet Streets, Gaythorn. Dinners from 6d. Soups always ready. Tea, coffee, chops, or steaks, any hour. Hot suppers. Sausage, with mashed potatoes, 4d. Taylor's ale, two glasses, 2d.; one glass, 1d. Guinness's stout, per glass, 1d. Free lunch.

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MARKET PLACE, ROYAL EXCHANGE, MANCHESTER.

Is Now Open, with First-class Luncheon and Dining Accommodation for 500 Persons.

Two Tables d'Hôte daily—viz., from 1 to 2.30, as per bill of fare, served in dining saloon No. 2, 2s. 6d. per head; second Table d'Hôte, from 3.30 to 7.30, including wines, 4s. 6d. per head. Dinners à la carte throughout the day. These commanding premises, having been specially built, are provided with every convenience and comfort that experience can suggest. First-class Ladies' Accommodation.

J. CAVARGNA, Proprietor.

Locus Mularum Deliciarum.

Ladies' Dining Room first floor.

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ADJOINING VICTORIA RAILWAY STATION, MANCHESTER.

Visitors will find above hotel, which contains seventy beds, splendid commercial and coffee rooms, large bar and billiard room, one of the most comfortable in Manchester. Private sitting and bed rooms en suite. Twelve fireproof and other stock rooms. Chop or steak, 1s. 6d.; and dinners from 2s., at any hour. Wines and spirits of the first quality. All charges strictly moderate. The above hotel is open at all hours of the night to receive travellers. An ordinary daily at 1.20—soup, joint, pastry, and cheese, 1s. 6d.

CROWN AND THISTLE HOTEL,

HALF-STREET, CATHEDRAL YARD, MANCHESTER.

RESTAURANT AND LUNCHEON BAR.

Dinners—soups, joint, puddings, or tart, 1s. 6d. Tea—with chop, steak, or cold meat, 1s. 4d. Clean and comfortable beds. Billiard, smoke, and coffee rooms. Private room for ladies. Commercial gentlemen visiting Manchester will find the above hotel to afford every accommodation at strictly moderate charges. Choice wines, spirits, cigars, &c.

W. BENNETT, Proprietor.

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NOTICE TO EMPLOYERS AND YOUNG LADIES ENGAGED IN BUSINESS.

REGISTER OFFICE REMOVED to 107A, MARKET-STREET; hours from 12 to 4; Saturdays, 11 to 1. Classes opened, and lodgings may be obtained, at Windsor House, 94, Bloomsbury, Oxford Road. Singing class, Monday, 8 to 9, conducted by Miss POOLE. French class, Friday, 8.15 to 9.15, conducted by Mlle. BLANCHOU. Music lessons, Saturday afternoons, by Miss Poole. Bible class, Sunday and Thursday, open to members and friends. Classes for grammar, bookkeeping, history, etc., as soon as sufficient names are enrolled.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. II.—No. 79.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1877.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

ANY person happening to be in Albert Square on Sunday afternoon last would have witnessed an interesting and momentous event. The great John De Morgan would have been heard holding forth with vivid eloquence to an excited and enthusiastic crowd. All this might have been if anybody had turned up, and if any faith could be placed in advertisements.

QUESTION for the curious: Is it burglary to make a forcible entry into a church through a window? It must, at all events, be presumed to be sacrilege. The offence is not a common one, anyhow, so that the Rev. Mr. Tooth, of Hatcham, has distinguished himself. Mr. Tooth must of course be credited with the best of motives, but in the case of an ordinary man motives would hardly be permitted to condone burglary complicated by sacrilege.

THE *Jackdaw* has not often heard a heartier cheer in a theatre than that accorded to a sentiment put in the mouth of an actor at the Prince's. Says the actor, *apropos* of the business going on, "I wish some of you people who go about talking lightly of war could just be put in the forefront of the battle for once, and you would soon change your tune." The utterance is hackneyed enough, but the reception which it receives shows clearly how the public pulse beats. One could almost wish that the horrors of war might be brought to the doors of certain English folks, and certain Jews, Turks, infidels, and heretics residing amongst us, were it not that the innocent would suffer with the guilty.

THE Liverpool county court judge has just disposed of a case in which he has laid down what are the luxuries and what are the necessities of life—for an infant. Hugh Hastings Romilly, an apprentice to a cotton spinner at Liverpool, and the son of Colonel and Lady Romilly, of London, was sued by a cigar merchant for £36 for goods supplied, consisting of cigars, champagne, brandy, Apollinaris water, etc. The defendant, who was under twenty-one years of age, set up the plea of infancy. The judge laid down the law that several of the items were not necessities, and the jury only gave the plaintiff damages for about £14. If the youthful defendant has not had the measles yet, we should like to hear whether the judge would lay down the law that they are a luxury or a necessary of infant life. The judge might also advantageously have an opportunity of deciding if the young gentleman ordered for himself a feeding-bottle, he could be morally or legally liable for payment for the same.

THAT Printer's Devil of the *Courier* has gone out to the seat of war now, and is playing the Devil there. Read what he says:—

"The Cossacks on this side are probably more numerous than the Circassians on the other, for they frequently assume the offensive. Picked men have to be ready at an hour's notice to cross in boots, and spend an hour or two slaying or burning whatever might come in their way. Three nights ago, a small village opposite Ibraila, or rather a little lower down, was surprised and the Turkish guardhouse set on fire. Next morning a Galatz atrocitarian had the boldness to go to the British Consul here, with a circumstantial narrative of house-burning and massacre, which the Turks had perpetrated in the same village."

Wherever he goes, that wicked Devil is up to mischief. Just imagine those Cossacks crossing the Danube in boots, in search of booty! What a bootiful stretch of imagination! What an inventive genius that boy

must be! He has actually discovered some real live "Atrocitarians" on the banks of the Danube. The imp is surely hoaxing, however, and nobody will believe him, for it is well known that Atrocitarians are of home growth only. The sooner the *Courier* recalls its emissary the better it will be for the credit of journal and employé.

THE vegetarians have had their usual yearly innings of spouting, and Professor Newman has, as usual, been to the fore. Among other things he says:—

"The state of the market showed that the time had arrived for mankind to abandon the practice of eating animal flesh, and they had every reason to believe that man in his latest stage of existence would return to the primitive habits of the earliest period, and abstain from the consumption of animal food. They had an instance of this in China, where the country was so thickly populated that it was impossible to raise a sufficient amount of animal food, and where the people had recourse to a vegetable diet to a very large extent. There was no doubt whatever that the more thickly populated the country became, the more they would be obliged to eat the fruits of the earth."

Such wild words as these are only worth noting, inasmuch as they come from a very clever man, albeit an enthusiast; but since Professor Newman is so clever he will perhaps give us his views as to the woe for which sheep, pigs, and poultry, not to mention kine (which may be used to draw carts, etc.), were intended. What would be the future career of fourfooted and feathered bipeds if men were to leave off eating them, and take to feeding on herbs? What would become of men themselves? The supply of green food would not be greater than it is at present, and the consumption would be terribly increased. Fancy 900,000,000 human beings, or thereabouts, all chewing green leaves and roots and fruits! Men or beasts would have to go without, that is certain; and the poor brutes, who would be certainly slaughtered just to get them out of the way, would be none the better off for not being devoured afterwards.

THE evils of the indiscriminate encouragement of amateur scribblers by newspapers has been frequently pointed out in this journal, both by example and precept. We have not hesitated in our answers to correspondents to indicate our opinion of things sent to us for publication, and we have made it a custom to impound the stamps sent by foolish contributors. The waste-paper basket has, in fact, played a very useful part in our establishment, and we are only sorry that it was defrauded of its prey in the shape of a letter on "credit drapers," written by one "G. Ryan, a working-man." The subject, however, was an interesting one, though the writer was no doubt an ass. Encouraged doubtless by the favour shown to him in these columns, Mr. Ryan has now written a letter to the Queen, in which he rebukes her Majesty for not coming to Manchester. It is not necessary to quote this letter *in extenso*, but from its wording the interesting fact may be gleaned that the person whom we so rashly encouraged is not only an ass, but also a snob. He seems, from the tenor of his remarks, to be also a Conservative, for he opines that—

"If you could have made it convenient to have paid our city a visit once more, your presence here would have caused a thorough stir in all our industrial occupations throughout Lancashire. Trusting that you will reconsider the decision you lately came to, I remain, yours most respectfully,
G. RYAN, a working-man and a Manchester citizen."

"To her Majesty, Queen of Great Britain."

Lieutenant-General Sir T. Biddulph acknowledges the letter, and so the matter ends.

E. Jamieson & Co., Fashionable Tailors, Clearance Sale! Preparatory to Removing to their New Premises, 801 and 803, CHAPEL STREET. } Genuine Reduction. 275, Chapel St., Salford.

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BRITISH INTERESTS.

AS these are the things for which, if we go to war, we shall be called upon to fight, it will be not amiss to inquire what they are. In every political crisis some such vague terms or expressions come to the fore tripping from men's tongues glibly, and the expression "British interests" is one of the vaguest which could possibly be invented or used. Its very vagueness makes it comprehensive, and gives it force. The term may be used so as to conjure up before the patriotic Briton every one of those blessings which he is proud to think of as his by right of birth. These are a superiority to all foreigners in respect of valour, wisdom, and wealth, an immunity from invasion at home, and the right to make all other nations sing small by practically proving to them their inferiority. A generation has lived, and almost passed away, holding to the truth of these "British interest" doctrines in their entirety; other nations have suffered the horrors of war—on our shores they are unknown; other nations have had their natural desire of progression curbed; there has been no bound to our ambition. The sun rises and sets to the tap of the British drum all over the world; our dominions are continually increasing at the expense of other peoples, heathen or Christian. We rule the waves of the great oceans, and not content with that we must turn all minor waters into British lakes. We possess the commerce of the whole world, and woe to those who show a desire to compete with us! The British Lion will arise in his wrath, and trample on them! This is all very well, and very patriotic and pleasant, and embodies the creed of hundreds of quiet folks whose faith in British resources is boundless; but the fact is, that we have been permitted so long by the sufferance of others to indulge our Insular dignity with an insolence that may be pardonable, that we are in danger of waking up some day to find that, after all, we have been dwelling in a paradise of fools. In what are called the glorious days of our history these so-called British interests, which are sketched above, were guarded by our forefathers not only as a matter of sentiment, but as one of advantage to ourselves, and to freedom throughout the world. When we predominated over other nations our cause was more often righteous than not, and we were certainly stronger than they, so that we were able at any rate to predominate. The notion that England is the strongest, the bravest, the wisest, the wealthiest of nations, and on that account not needing to consult the feelings or wishes of any others, is an inherited one among most Englishmen; and the Tory party, which has learnt nothing at all during the last fifty years, takes it up and works upon it. We are warned that we may probably soon be called upon to fight Russia in order to vindicate British interests. We do not fight for freedom any more, be it understood, or even for freedom and interest combined. We have given up that glorious fiction, which was a creditable one to the natures of Englishmen. We fight now, if fight we must, for our own interest; and the interest involved in a war with Russia at the present time would be simply a commercial one. We still stick to the predominance theory, and we are jealous of Russia; therefore she must not have any water for her ships, or any coast from which to launch them. The natural passage between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea must never be opened because the Mediterranean is Ours; the water is ours, whatever shores it may wash; we command both entrances to it, and we mean to keep our advantage. Our interests are everywhere, therefore let the Nations remain where they are, nor stir at their peril. As we can hardly expect it to strike the Tory mind that the day for this sort of bumptiousness has gone by, the probability must be faced that we shall go to war. This going to war is a thing lightly talked about by a people who live in a land which has not been seriously invaded for centuries, and who have not felt the horrors of warfare even remotely for more than twenty years. The fanfarade of "British interests in danger" is quite enough to raise the war feeling. Foreign nations, it is argued, are so used to being crippled and insulted that the war is sure to end gloriously for us, and so once

more the British soldier goes out to defend "British interests." Now, to defend our rights as a nation, our possessions, and the free road to and from them, is a thing which all Englishmen would advocate at whatever hazard or cost; but at present there is not, nor is there likely to be, any such *casus belli*. Supposing the Suez Canal or Egypt, to be threatened, it would manifestly be the duty of Englishmen to defend them; but in the absence of any threat or attack, no defence is necessary. To go to war for the sake of dictating to other nations, apart from this, would not only be a wicked and selfish policy, but also a very dangerous one. As long as we show a determination to guard what is substantially ours so long we need hardly even dread attack, but to evince a disposition to strain after nominal advantages such as the right to dictate and bluster would be to kindle a long smouldering animosity against ourselves in the breasts of neighbours whose power we are apt to overrate. England would, thus acting, in fact, be fairly typified by the dog in the immortal fable, which was walking over a bridge with a bone in its mouth.

PLEASURE RESORTS IN MANCHESTER.

[BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.]

ACCORDING to our annual custom, we have engaged a young man specially to write an article on this subject. His work is by no means satisfactory, and its manifest shortcomings will be obvious to the public. He does not appear to have gathered any fresh material, or to have got hold of a scrap of new information of any kind. He is no longer in our employment, however, and we shall engage a fresh reporter next year.

ARDWICK GREEN.

This suburban retreat is now in capital order. The railings have not been removed since last year, and it is still a favourite resort for nursemaids, dogs, sparrows, cats, and children. The gardener has done wonders, which are manifest in the picturesque aspect of the grounds. His wife, we understand, has recently given birth to twins, and the wheelbarrow has been painted green. People who wish to use profane language may do so on the pavement outside.

ALEXANDRA PARK.

This truly delicious place of entertainment is now open to the public. Owing to the state of the weather, the visitors find it rather cold. For the convenience of teetotalers, a new pump or drinking-fountain has been erected. You must not carry away any eggs of birds, or anything of that sort, which you may find; these are the park-wisites of the attendants. The grass upon the various plots of ground set apart for that purpose is green. Want of space prevents us from saying any more about this Park.

PEEL PARK.

Bedding out in this Park, owing to the inclemency of the weather, has not commenced, and Mr. Plant, the curator, has for similar reasons put off having his hair cut until the week after next. The statues are doing as well as can be expected. Among the latest curiosities exhibited in the museum may be observed—

PHILIP'S PARK.

Again, after the lapse of twelve months, this Park appeals to our notice. It will be found where it was last year. Great hopes are entertained that it will be found in the same place next year.

QUEEN'S PARK.

Similar remarks apply to this place of amusement, which is still frequented by those who go there.

SEEDLEY AND BROUGHTON.

The latter of these has recently been inaugurated by a grand Conservative demonstration, under the presidency of Mr. O. O. Walker, M.P. It is to be called in the neighbourhood "Walker's Paradise." The head gardener told me to go to a place, which I will not mention, when I asked him for information.

FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND GENTLEMEN WANTED

to have their Boots Soled and Heeled from the Best Sole Leather, for 2s. 6d. per pair. Why pay 3s. or 4s.? Set of Elastic 1s. at 4 Birmingham-st. London-ed.

BELLE VUE AND POMONA.

Everybody should now treat their children to a belly view of the elephants, which are now in full swing. As there are no elephants in Servia, these quadrupeds cannot be introduced in the new picture of the Servian War. If you have tea there, the proprietors are sure to Servia well, at a very moderate cost.

THE RIVER IRWELL.

You must not bathe in this stream, under penalty of death; but you may look at it over the railings as much as you like.

VARIOUS.

To speak of all the other manifold attractions of Manchester, Salford, and suburbs, would occupy

REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

THE following effusion is just too good to be put into the waste-paper basket, and therefore we have found room for it in this column:—

SPRING.

SPRING, lovely spring!
Thou thing
Of beauty rare,
A song in praise
Of thee to raise
I dare.

Were I a bird—
Absurd!—
But still were I
A feathered thing,
The praise I'd sing
Is thy.

I'd sit all day
In May,
Or leafy June,
And full of glee
I'd pipe to thee.
A tune.

And in the shade
A maid
By lover's side
Her blushes shy
In vain should try
To hide.

I'd pipe to them—
Ahem!—
That is, I would
From branches green
If—if, I mean,
I could.

Or 'neath the boughs
The cows
Should lowing stray,
Or children sweet
Beneath my feet
Should play.

They flowers should string,
I sing
To them the while,
Although the thought
To me has brought
A smile.

However can
A man
Such longings trite
Be brought, in verse,
Thus to rehearse
Or write?

Be this the last—
Avast!—
I fear, alas!
To readers' ears
The bard appears
An ass!

We do not know why any person should think it worth while to write stuff of this kind, and then deliberately send it by post at the expense of a penny. The poet, however, has the advantage of seeing himself in print, and of knowing our opinion of his production, if that is any consolation.

ROW IN HER MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD.

SCENE I.—*Windsor Castle. Her MAJESTY and Lord BEACONSFIELD in conversation.*

Her Majesty. My dear Lord Beaconsfield, I don't believe anything of the kind about the Czar. I think he is the kindest of men, and hasn't the slightest notion of taking a bite out of Turkey.

Lord Beaconsfield. Well, don't you think we ought to have some guarantee?

Her Majesty. What guarantee can we have better than his own word? Here is his letter to the Duchess of Edinburgh, his daughter, in which he says he hasn't the remotest idea of hurting this country. Do be satisfied with that.

Lord Beaconsfield. Well, may I take such precautions as I may think necessary for the interests of this country?

Her Majesty. Surely; but don't do anything rash.

Lord Beaconsfield (leaving). Your Majesty's most obedient.

SCENE II.—*Meeting of the Cabinet. Ministers assembled.*

Lord Beaconsfield. She's playing the deuce with our foreign policy.

Lord Derby. Say your foreign policy; it isn't mine. I think we ought to have nothing to do with the war.

Lord Beaconsfield. Nothing to do with the war! Good heavens! are we to sit at home here in peace when the daughter of our dearest enemy goes to chapel in London to pray for the success of Russia?

Chancellor of the Exchequer. You can't very well help her, as she's the wife of the Queen's son.

Lord Beaconsfield. Can't well help it! Blessed if I don't turn Guy Fawkes, and as I can't get into the House to blow 'em up, I'll blow 'em up—from below stairs.

Lord Derby. Now, do be cool.

Lord Beaconsfield. Cool! How can a man be cool when he sees his country going to the dogs? I'm bless'd, if you don't let me have my own way I'll appeal to the country. Now, what's to be the result? Am I or am I not to have my own way?

Omnes. Oh, your own way!

Lord Beaconsfield. Or else I'll discharge every one of you without a pension. [Raising his voice.] What ho! slaves? [Enter several Government officials.] Lock up in the tower the daughter of the Czar of all the Russians; feed her on bread and water; cut off her pin money; and send in the bill to her august relative. If she resists, shoot her!

SCENE III.—*LORD BEACONSFIELD at the same place, solus.*

Lord Beaconsfield. These infernal Manchester evening papers are the most contradictory things going. God forgive Maclure for putting me on the free-list! Fetch me the *Daily Telegraph* so that I may see the truth. Ha! what is this "Great Russian Victory"? What ho! warder?

Warder (entering). My lord.

Lord Beaconsfield. Call me plain Dizzy, as you love me.

Warder. I will, my lord.

Lord Beaconsfield. Now, what has the Duchess of Edinburgh been after lately?

Warder. She's been to the Russian chapel three times a day to pray for success to Russia.

Lord Beaconsfield. Oh, woe is me!

Warder. Mr. Childers gave her the strength of the English Navy yesterday.

Lord Beaconsfield. What! treason in the camp!

Warder. Mr. Gladstone, notwithstanding his defeat, promised to lead the British Army to join the Russians whenever she was ready.

Lord Beaconsfield. Oh, this is terrible!

Warder. And the Duchess herself says that if she was only allowed five minutes' talk in the House of Lords she'd knock you into a cocked hat.

Lord Beaconsfield. Off with her head! As my dear friend Barry Sullivan says, "So much for Buck—" Just bring me a Shakspeare, warder, so that I may read up.

LAIRITZ'S FINE WOOL OIL.—The MARCHIONESS of WESTMINSTER testifies to its great efficacy. PHILADELPHIA and Eight other Prize Medals awarded. Certain cure for Rheumatism, Tia, Neuralgia, etc. Sold by L. BEAVER, 67, Cross Street, Manchester, and all chemists, in bottles from 1s. 1d. upwards.



AMUSEMENTS.

MANLEY PALACE AND PARK COMPANY, LIMITED.
 MANLEY HALL, WHALLEY RANGE.
 PRELIMINARY EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ART.
 Magnificent Park (nearly 80 acres in extent), Gardens, Ferneries, Lakes, and Conservatories.
 OPEN DAILY.
 Admission, One Shilling; Children, Sixpence.

MANLEY HALL.—WHIT-WEEK.—UNPARALLELED
 ATTRACTIONS.
 BAND OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS.
 Conductor, Mr. Dan Godfrey.
 ASSAULT-AT-ARMS by the CHAMPIONS.
 AHLSTROM'S MARVELLOUS FIRE FEATS.
 COLLEEN on the INVISIBLE WIRE.
 BALLOON ASCENTS.
 BAND of the KING'S DRAGOON GUARDS, etc.
 Conductor, Mr. Orton.

WHIT-WEEK.—CAPTAIN AHLSTROM AT MANLEY PARK.
 "It must be seen to be believed."
 Words spoken by the Emperor of Germany at the Demonstration in Berlin, Mar. 26, 1876.

FREE-TRADE HALL ASSEMBLY ROOMS.

Count CAGLIOSTRO'S
 SPECIAL PROGRAMME FOR WHIT-WEEK.
 Amongst others—
 Where Cagliostro Finds His Pocket Money, Novel Mode of Providing for a Venetian Fête, the Enchanted Bandana, the Sword of Chateau Renard, the Chinese Puzzle, Le Mouchoirs Figure, the Flying Ring, the Mystic Cage, the Magnetic Water Canister, Black Goblets and White, the Academy Picture (a rare old plate), Lesson in Cookery (Soyer and Francatelli outdone), Multum in Parvo, the Marvellous Orange Tree, Der Freyschutz, or the Magic Bullet.
 Every evening at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 6.

GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE ON WHIT-MONDAY AT 3.

Admission—Reserved seats, 3s.; second seats, 2s.; balcony, 1s. 6d.; body of the hall, 1s.; back seats, 6d. Children under 13 years of age half price to all parts of the house, back seats only excepted. Tickets at Messrs. Hime and Addison, and at the hall.

GRAND WHIT-WEEK ENTERTAINMENTS!

ALEXANDRA HALL, Peter-street, Manchester.—The most popular, cheerful, and respectable place of amusement in the world. TO-NIGHT, Lieutenant Walter Cole and his merry folks, Mr. Charles Laurie, the favourite comique, Mons. Henri, Mr. and Mrs. Hibbs, negro comedians, Miss Rosena Sipple, serio and ballad vocalist, Fattie Adèle, vocalist and dancer, Mr. Frank Bala, champion juggler of the world, Mlle. Frances, female bicycle rider, Young Otto, grotesque clown. MONDAY NEXT, immense attractions for Whit-week. Laurie's Comic Ballet Troupe, Mr. Charles Clifford, solo harpist, Mr. John Dallas and Ada Goudge, duettists, the Marriott Troupe of Star Minstrels, Miss Maughan, La petite Bene, and the Derkaro Troupe. Prices, 6d. and 1s. Opens at 7.

AVIARY: The naturalists of Manchester and district will find in the Refectory, Alexandra Hall, the most successful Aviary (the Happy Family) ever made in the centre of a city. All should see this beautiful and pleasing feature in a great smoke city like ours.

PRINTERS: British printers should go into the Refectory, Alexandra Hall, Peter-street, Manchester, if they want to see good colour and other printing.

PHOTOGRAPHERS wishing to see good American photographs should see those attached to the Railway advertisements of the American lines in the Refectory, Alexandra Hall, Peter-street.

RAILWAY OFFICIALS of all lines of railway should see the Specimen Show Cards of the American Railways in the Refectory, Alexandra Hall, Peter-street.

AQUARIUM beneath the Philadelphia Reading Light in the Refectory, Alexandra Hall.

REFRESHMENTS of the best quality.

THE CURRANT PICTURE GALLERY now open in the Refectory, Alexandra Hall, Peter-street, free.

READ the Large Yellow Bill.

FORTY-EIGHT HOURS' WALKING MATCH

for £200, between PETER CROSSLAND and HENRY VAUGHAN, of Chester, ROYAL POMONA PALACE, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, May 17, 18, and 19. Commenced at 9 p.m. yesterday (Thursday). The merits of the above celebrated long-distance pedestrians are so well known that it is superfluous to state that the match will be one of unusual interest.

The PALACE BAND in attendance. Admission, ONE SHILLING.

POMONA PALACE.—WHIT-MONDAY.

The Usual FAIR will be held in the AGRICULTURAL HALL, POMONA PALACE, on WHIT-MONDAY. The Stalls used at the late Horse Show will be at the service of dealers and others attending the Fair.

POMONA PALACE.—WHIT-WEEK.

THE GREAT

ECLIPSE AERIAL STEAMSHIP,
 Every Day in Whit-week.

POMONA PALACE.—WHIT-WEEK.

THE GREAT

ECLIPSE AERIAL STEAMSHIP,
 recently constructed by Messrs. BALLENI & PAYNE, of Liverpool, for a TRIP ACROSS the ATLANTIC OCEAN to America, will make PRELIMINARY ASCENTS every day in Whit-week and the following Monday, from the ROYAL POMONA PALACE GROUNDS, prior to the final ascent. The ship will contain 100,000 cubic feet of gas, and accommodation will be provided for a large number of passengers. It will ascend 720 feet high, and will be held by five massive wrought-iron chains, attached to immense barks of timber imbedded ten feet in the ground. During the ascents the ship will be in charge of Henri Balleni (the inventor), W. H. Adams (aeronaut), Edward Wilson (superintendent), James Curtice (engineer), and J. W. Payne (business manager).

POMONA PALACE.—WHIT-WEEK.
UNRIVALLED ATTRACTIONS.

In addition to the Great Eclipse Aerial Steamship, which will ascend each day, prizes will be given by the Committee of the Northern Counties Athletic Club for the following Contests:—

Monday TWENTY-FIVE MILES WALKING CONTEST for Amateurs.

Tuesday FIFTY MILES WALKING HANDICAP (open to all comers). Prizes £50.

(The Crossland and Vaughan Track will be used for the above contests.)

Wednesday AMATEUR BOXING, FENCING, SINGLE-STICK, HORIZONTAL BAR, INDIAN CLUBS & DUMB BELLS, ROPE CLIMBING.

Thursday ONE MILE BICYCLE HANDICAP (for Professionals). Prizes £30.

Friday THREE MILE BICYCLE HANDICAP (for Professionals). Prizes £30.

Keen, Cann, and other well-known bicyclists have entered for these events.

Saturday GREAT ALL ENGLAND WHITSUNTIDE HANDICAP (140 yards). Prizes £150.

Monday GREAT ALL ENGLAND WHITSUNTIDE HANDICAP. Final Heats. (May 28)

TWO BANDS in attendance each day.

ADMISSION, ONE SHILLING.

N.B.—Visitors bringing their own vehicles can be accommodated free in the Stalls used for the late Horse Show.

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT the Rev. Mr. Poole, who has seceded from the Church of England to the Roman Catholic faith, is to be carried in effigy at the head of the Whitsuntide procession.

That the Bishop of Salford has begun again to enlarge his seminary in the hope that he will have more converts soon.

That Father Gadd has applied for an increase of salary on account of his success in hooking the Miles Platting parson.

That Mr. Poole's rector, Mr. Green, turned another colour when he had to take the news to the Bishop.

That the Bishop said the rector must have been frightfully Green not to have smelt a rat before.

That Mr. Green was always ex-postulating with Mr. Poole for the eccentricity of his bowings and scrapings.

That the new Town Hall will be closed next week, as the Mayor and City Council are going to Blackpool for a holiday.

That Captain Palin has given instructions to the police to arrest everybody throwing hot coppers to the children in the Whit-Monday procession.

That Alderman Booth, who will head the procession as usual, will carry the bags, and collect the coppers.

That all the photographers in the city are so hard up that Whitsuntide will be a godsend to them.

That their creditors are tired of applying for their accounts, and only getting—negatives.

That considerable alarm has been occasioned in school-boy circles by the statement that a monitor had been blown up.

That some of the boys wished it had been a "master."

That torpedos are to be placed in the Irwell to prevent the Russian fleet getting up the river—if they attempt it.

NOTES IN THE SALFORD COUNCIL.

A DISCUSSION came on on Wednesday as to the isolation of the hospital in Cross Lane, and the recommendation that certain houses should be purchased with that object. In the course of the discussion several councillors spoke against the Wilton House site, and urged that the Hope Street site was more suitable. Those in favour of the Wilton House site, on the other hand, asserted that the object of the opposition to the Wilton House scheme was due to a lot of property-jobbers wanting to get possession of the houses adjoining the hospital. If the insinuation be true, then the makers of it ought to put their fingers publicly on the "property-jobbing ring" in the Council, so that the public may know in future whom to trust. It is reported that at least one notorious property-jobber spoke in the Council against the recommendation of the committee.

DIALOGUES OF THE DAY.

SCENE I.—*The Manchester Workhouse. Paupers assembled at dinner.*

First Pauper. Did you see in the papers yesterday that Mr. Leppoc has had his portrait painted?

Second Pauper. Of course I did; that's the way the ratepayers' money goes. Why don't they give the paupers a little more snuff and baccy, and let chairman o' board o' guardians occupy the chair for the honour of the thing?

First Pauper. Of what value can the portrait be to Mr. Leppoc?

Second Pauper. Value! why, when he's hard up he'll go and show it to his uncle—unless Mr. Aronsberg will buy it to give away.

SCENE II.—*The Official Residence of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. MACLURE introduced.*

Lord Beaconsfield. I say, Maclure, what on earth brings you up to London again?

Mr. Maclure. Why, because business is frightfully dull in Manchester.

Lord Beaconsfield. What business?

Mr. Maclure. The life insurance business.

Lord Beaconsfield. I can't help that.

Mr. Maclure. Oh, yes, you can; you can give me an order.

Lord Beaconsfield. So I could, my dear boy; so I would, but the doctors—the country—don't seem to have much belief in my policy, notwithstanding my past assurance.

SCENE III.—*The luncheon after the opening of Broughton Park.*

Colonel Walker. Ah, my dear Mr. Mayor, I owe you great obligations for clearing the borough of Salford of the imputation of having been on the spree at the election.

The Mayor of Salford. And I spoke nothing but the truth; didn't I, Councillor Bailey?

Colonel Walker. Good night, old (hic) man! Goodsh night! Never thought I couldsh speaksh to a (hic) Liberal before.

Councillor Bailey. Good night, my dear sir! See and get the Mayor to drop you somewhere in Manchester.

Colonel Walker. Goodsh night! Goodsh night! Where's his worship?

The Mayor of Salford. "For to-night we'll merry be" (hic)—chorus, gentlemen—"for to-night we'll merry be, and at the election we'll be sober."

SCENE IV.—*Bedroom at the Queen's Hotel.*

Mr. Cotton Spinner [to Boots]. John, just see and call me early in the morning [getting into bed], and get me something hot to drink.

Boots [re-entering]. Anything else?

Mr. Cotton Spinner. Why, you can say my prayers for me, if you like.

John does so.

Boots. Anything else?

Mr. Cotton Spinner. No, thank you; I think I can do the falling asleep myself.

MR. CANDELET ON STILTS.

DOES anybody know Mr. Candelet, the secretary of the Licensed Victuallers' Association, outside of the publicans' interest? If anybody does, we will be glad if they will send us a sketch of his personal appearance, habits, and intelligence. Mr. Candelet is evidently frightfully annoyed at a sub-leader in the *Examiner*, in which an excuse was made for the bumptiousness of the teetotalers in endeavouring to prevent the Prince of Wales from presiding at the licensed victuallers' dinner. Mr. Candelet's annoyance carried him so far that he wrote a letter to the *Examiner*, but as he anticipated it would be put into the waste-paper basket he sent it also to the newspaper for insertion which coincides with his political principles—the "Beer-barrel and the Constitution." Singularly enough the letter appeared in the *Examiner*, however, notwithstanding Mr. Candelet's doubts, but it was headed "Mr. Candelet on Stilts." Every man puts the heading, it is supposed, to his own letters when sent to the papers, and why Mr. Candelet adopted the significant one he did is for him to explain. We are bound to say that nothing could have been more appropriate, for if his letter says anything it says this—that it is written by a man far above his own level; and we could almost suppose we hear his "h's" coming dropping from his mouth at something like an altitude of eight feet. Mr. Candelet on stilts, we almost fancy, would be as dignified as Mr. Candelet on a beer-barrel with the bung out!

WAR GUIDE.—We have received a copy of "The Complete War Guide," with a sketch map of the fields of operation, published by Mr. John Heywood, Deansgate, price sixpence. The Guide gives historical sketches of Russia and Turkey, former wars between them, the cause and object of the present war, the strength of the opposing armies and navies, and the fields of operation, with other extremely interesting information.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street.—T. R. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

GREAT BATTLES.

SEVERE FIGHTING.

DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS.

LOSS OF 4,000 MEN.

GREAT RUSSIAN VICTORIES.

20,000 TURKS TAKEN.

FALL OF KARS.

THE BATTLE NEAR BATOUM.

(Rooter's Telegrams.)

An official statement, published at St. Petersburg, says: "Last Wednesday a reconnoitring force was furiously attacked by the Turks at Coeshpewens. Our men behaved admirably, and the enemy were driven back with immense losses; only one man was wounded on our side. The Emperor has issued a special order of the day, in which he thanks Providence for thus favouring his armies when engaged in the cause of justice and religion."

PERA, SUNDAY.

The official Turkish account of the battle at Coeshpewens, near Batoum, says that the repulse of the Russians was complete; they lost 4,000 men; they fought with great ferocity; but, concludes the despatch, with the help of the Most High the victory remained with us.

THE DESTRUCTION OF A TURKISH MONITOR.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

RUSTCHUK, TUESDAY.

Yesterday I was at dinner with some officers, when I thought I heard firing. The officers went on eating, I did not. When I got half way to — I discovered that there was firing. I thought it prudent to turn back. On my way I admired the beauty of this romantic scenery so soon to be desolated by the horrors of war. I expect to send more immediately.

* This word is illegible.

WEDNESDAY, 3 P.M.

It was firing that I heard. A Turkish monitor has been blown up. I was not on board of her at the time. It must be a terrible thing to be blown up. Expect details immediately.

WEDNESDAY, 5 P.M.

It was not firing which I heard after all, but some Bash-Bazouks playing at skittles. The vessel was not blown up, but destroyed by a torpedo.

LATEST ACCOUNT.

A Matchen telegram says that the blowing up of the monitor was purely accidental. There are no torpedoes laid down yet.

ANOTHER DEFEAT OF THE TURKS.

(Special Telegram.*)

On the 11th of May General Doklogobsky sent two detachments to the heights of Kbratsentilaky, in the neighbourhood of Tehutulskepiz, which lies between this place and Osteunroskoi, and not far from the junction of the latter. They were met by the enemy, with a loss of 200 men. The Turks are much encouraged by this great victory. They are going on to Kopolminak.

* Rendered unintelligible in transmission.

THE RUSSIANS AND THE WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

(From our Vienna Correspondent.)

I am enabled to forward you the following message from your correspondent on the Danube: "I have just been had up before the authorities for giving information about torpedoes, and strictly guarded. I don't know what they are going to do to me. I take this way of letting you know my predicament. I hear that, in consequence of the war, bread has risen a penny a loaf in Manchester and Salford. My telegrams have caused great suspicion here. I shall not be able to furnish you with any more information direct. It is as much as my head is worth, let alone my hat."

THE "LEIGH CHRONICLE" AND THE BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

WE should like to know the Editor of the *Leigh Chronicle*, since he is setting up to be a wag. For some time past he has usurped our functions, and whenever he is hard up for a subject he takes up the Bishop of Manchester. We think, of course good-naturedly, that he is trespassing on our manor, and unless he takes up some other subject, why—we must take him up. This week he gives his readers a dainty little paragraph about a confirmation by the Bishop at the parish church at Leigh. We quote a bit of it:—

"Our columns, however, contain no report of his lordship's address, and it may be interesting to know that the 'representatives of the press' kept out of the way on the occasion. As Dr. Fraser has very often complained that he is persistently followed by young men armed with pencil and book, we trust that he will appreciate the example set by the members of the fourth estate in Leigh. Whether his lordship's pulpit utterances are at a discount in the town just at present, or whether from charitable regard for susceptibilities of the Bishop, our readers must decide, but the interesting fact remains as we have stated it. It is to be desired that no 'officious person' will send a marked *Chronicle* to Bishop's Court, Manchester, the residence of Dr. Fraser."

Beginning at the finish first, we don't think the Bishop ever heard of the *Leigh Chronicle* before, ably conducted and spirited as the paper is; and if any officious person sent him a copy, we suspect that his lordship would kick the postman out for bringing it—as he knows that anything which is sent to him is intended to make him talk; and, as the world knows, he has sufficient sources to go to for his information already. As to the Leigh reporters not attending to his lordship's utterances, we have heard of reporters being put down to attend confirmations, and not getting further than next door to the parish church—namely, the parish hotel. Beyond that we don't think the Bishop's utterances can be at a discount at Leigh, for even the Editor of the *Leigh Chronicle* puts them on a higher value—otherwise how does the news get forth to the public, in the shape of a "par," that the Bishop made any utterance at all? We advise the *Leigh Chronicle* to mind what it is about, for if the Bishop thinks the subject worth his notice, the paste-brush and scissors may within a month be inscribed on a monument in Leigh parish churchyard as the epitaph of an editor who got the worst of it.

UNTUTORED OBSERVATIONS.

(BY OUR PAINTER'S DEVIL.)

ON BEES.

BEFORE I begin my remarks I must explain how it is as I come to know so much about natral histry, and the ways of animals and insecs, and suchlike. You see, I was born and bread in the country, were my edyucation was neglected all egcept those sort of studdies, wich I looked arter myself. My parents, who died in their infancy, left me to the care of a ant who left me pretty much to myself, and so being of an inkwiring mind I took to looking up bees, and ants, and other entommylogical objects, wich kep me out of bad company. I went to school, but sumhow, wether it were the falt of the master or of me, tho I lern't to read and rite, I could never lern to spel, or to egpress my language ellegently and corectly. It was a bee wich was the cause of my leaving that school, and it hapened this way—one very hot fine day when I was athinking about bathing, and a nest I knowd of with a yung cuckoo in it, about wich I will tell you sum other time, a bee flew in at the winder, wich was open at top, and began buzzin about master's hed. Master turned quite pail, for he was afraide of bees, wich he considered was malishous and always wanting to sting sumbody. I think the bee must have mistook his nose at a distance for a blossom, but it soon found out its mistake, and went off to the winder and began buzzin about, and now and agen knocking its hed very hard against the glass, and crawling up to

the top, and then tumbling down to the bottom and beginning agen. I have notice that a bee will do this for hours when the winder is open all the time, so that you would think that bees was very stupid things, only they ain't egcept in doing this. Well, I was looking at this bee and wondering wot he did it for, when the master told me to mind my book, and he said that as I was so fond of looking at bees I might lern a lesson from them. "Wot lesson?" says I, for the only lessons I ever herd on was reading, riting, and rithmatic. Says he, "The lesson of industry. Bees," says he, "are the most industrious things there is. Look at that bee," says he, "how eger it is to get out of this, and go to work among the flours gatherin hunny; you never see a bee idle," says he. "How about the winter?" says I. "Wy, then," says he, turning rather redder than common, "you never see them at all. It is then that they get the reward of their industry by eatin all the hunny wich they have stored in summer. I'm afraide you'll never get no honey," says he. Now, I knew a grate deal more about bees than he did, and it riled me to be talked too like this, and besides I was tired of school, so I said to him quite bold, "I know a deal more about bees nor you do," says I; "and I don't want no hunny," says I, "more than wot I can take away from those as make it," says I; "and I'm not afraide of bees," says I. "Don't be impertinent," says he, "or I'll tell your ant." "Tell away," says I, "who cares?" So with that I went and took that bee between my finger and thumb to show that I weren't afraide of being stung, and I went away out of the room with it, and letting the bee fly, I went home to my ant, who shortly afterwards prentised me to a printer. I never seen that schoolmaster since. He was a good man I beleve, but he didn't know much about bees.

(To be continued.)

A LOST SHEEP FROM THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND FOLD.

It is not often that anything happens in Miles Platting that is worth while our commenting upon, but an occurence has just arisen there which gives us an opportunity of directing public attention to that salubrious quarter. The Rev. J. A. Poole, the assistant-curate at St. John the Evangelist's Church, has just seceded to the Church of Rome. Nobody wonders at it—who knew Mr. Poole; but, notwithstanding, he seems to have stolen a march on his rector, the Rev. S. F. Green, and no doubt Father Gadd and the Jesuit Fathers take great credit to themselves for the clever little conspiracy which has been going on at their dictation under the rector's very nose, yet strange to say he has never seen it. Mr. Green, the rector, is in sad trouble about the secession, and has stated to the Bishop of Manchester his readiness to place his resignation in his hands. Heaven forbid that the Bishop should take him at his word! One loss to the Church of England is bad enough, even though the convert be only an assistant-curate, without a rector going too. Mr. Poole's conversion does not seem to have been the work of a day. He was always given to High Church practices—even from his infancy, and went in for an extreme musical service at his Christening. While he was receiving the emoluments of his office, and teaching the faith of the Church of England at St. John the Evangelist's, at heart he has been a Papist, and acknowledged the supremacy of the Pope. But he has waited his time it is said in the hope that he might induce the superintendent of the Sunday-school and several of the senior teachers to follow his road to Rome. Rumour even goes so far as to say that he was not without hopes that the rector would have listened to the voice of reason, and gone over to—Pendlebury, of course, while all this was going on. It is an unquestionable fact that five at least of the churchwardens, and all the single ladies in the congregation, hold pretty close views with Mr. Poole; and we should not be at all surprised, if the Rev. Mr. Green will stick to the old informal and used-up faith of the Church of England, that his congregation may be seen henceforth, as they have often been before no

doubt, at the Roman Catholic Church of St. Chad's, Cheetham, where the handsome assistant-curate has been installed, and is now undergoing a course of plenary indulgence as a recompense for his late "fast" life. The newspapers state that Mr. Poole was received at the Roman Catholic seminary in connection with the church of the Jesuits, where he received baptism the same evening. They say nothing, however, about the dignified appearance of the distinguished convert coming down Oldham Road, dropping as he went along the Thirty-nine Articles; nor is any mention made of the fact that the Bishop or his rector intends to sue him for the recovery of the amount of the salary he has been receiving under what the Irishman called "gintee" pretences.

THE THEATRES.

TWO "London successes" present themselves for our judgment this week, and of these the first of which we shall speak is "Struck Oil," which is being played at the Prince's for the short space, we are sorry to say, of only two days more. Our general objection to travelling companies, show-pieces, and latest successes is very strong, but the play and the players at the Prince's combined have succeeded in knocking all our prejudices on the head for this week only. "Struck Oil" is not only a London success, but has been going the round of the habitable globe to find its way at last to Manchester. The piece and the two principal performers are of American origin, and the statement that they have been favourites across the water gives a very favourable opinion of Yankee taste in matters theatric. Unlike most of the plays which are written for star performers, this one possesses considerable dramatic interest, the incidents, slight as they are, being put together in a workmanlike manner. The plot, told in brief, is the story of an American conscript in the time of the civil war, who, in his absence, is nearly cheated out of his farm by a scheming neighbour, but returns just in time to upset the scheme, and to find that "oil" has been struck on his land, so that he is made comfortable for life. The scheming "Deacon" is humorously rendered by Mr. T. F. Doyle, who, when he has a part which suits him, is always well received on our local stage. This, however, in passing; and we will now come to the gist of the whole matter. Miss Maggie Moore and Mr. J. C. Williamson, who sustain the principal burden of the evening, must be congratulated on having furnished us with quite a new sensation. The "Dutch" style of acting, after the model of Jefferson and Emmett, is familiar to most playgoers, and the lady and gentleman under notice have partly adopted this line. Mr. Williamson, however, so far from being a copyist, is intensely original and full of fun, which is now and then so admirably blended with pathos that one is almost afraid to laugh for fear of grinning in the wrong place. Miss Moore, too, otherwise Mrs. Williamson, possesses specialties of her own. She has cultivated the true art of comic singing, which does not depend upon what is called "having a good voice." She introduces some clever dances. Although the singing and the dancing might be left out without being much missed from the play, yet they are harmless and pleasant adjuncts, and we have seldom noticed more unanimous and enthusiastic encores than are evoked by them. The scenes in which Mr. and Mrs. Williamson act together in the parts, father and daughter, are marked by tender and homely fun, giving place occasionally to the broadest of humour, and changing anon to the deepest pathos. There is a touch of human nature in these scenes which thrills the spectators, and it has not often been our lot to witness a more striking effect made on an audience by simple means.

The other "great London success" mentioned above is called "The Great Divorce Case," and is being played at the Royal. As we have nothing special to say in its favour, we shall say very little about it. In spite of its title the piece is not a prurient one, but it is silly and dull. We are glad to welcome the familiar face of Mr. J. G. Taylor, though sorry that he has come back to us in a play not worthy of more extended

WORMALD'S Celebrated Gout & Rheumatic Mixture.—For rheumatism and rheumatic gout, sciatica, neuralgia, tic dolooureux, pains in the face and head gives quick relief in the most violent cases, and speedily effects a cure. In bottles, 13d. and 2s. 9d., from most chemists, or from the Proprietor, Shudehill.

notice. Mr. F. Mervin, who is a well-known favourite in Manchester, is one of Mr. Taylor's companions. He does not on this occasion appear to advantage, but this from no fault of his own.

"Jessie Brown; or, the Relief of Lucknow," we remember as a favourite London stock-piece some fifteen or sixteen years ago. It now turns up at the Queen's. The play is full of exciting incident, and suggestive of patriotism, gunpowder, love, and bloody noses. It is well put on the stage, and efficiently played.

WHITSUNTIDE ATTRACTIONS.

WE give a short summary of a few of the principal attractions for holiday-seekers during Whit-week:—

The picture at Belle Vue this year is illustrative of the war in Serbia, and will contain a scene of the valley of the Morava. The first public exhibition of the picture will be given on Monday night.

A variety of attractions is announced at Manley Hall. The band of the Grenadier Guards, Ahlstrom's marvellous fire feats, and balloon ascents, are among the more important features of the special programme. The feries and gardens will be thrown open, and the Mignot picture collection will be on view in the hall during the week.

At the Pomona Gardens, the "Eclipse" arial steamship, recently constructed for a trip across the Atlantic, will make preliminary ascents 720 feet high, being attached to the ground by chains. The festival of the Northern Counties Athletic Club will also be held in the grounds.

The railway companies announce numerous special excursions, particulars of which will be found in our advertising columns.

At the Royal Institution there will be the Black and White collection. An additional attraction will be found in the same building in Mr. Long's magnificent picture, "The Pool of Bethesda."

The Botanical and Horticultural Society's exhibition, at Old Trafford, promises to be more than usually interesting.

A grand revival of the "Winter's Tale" is announced at the Theatre Royal. Mr. Toole will appear at the Prince's in a series of his popular characters.

The Alexandra Hall has a capital programme, and no doubt will be one of the best attended places of popular amusement in the city.

At the Free-trade Hall, Count Cagliostro will deal in all sorts of wonderful and mysterious conjuring performances.

HEROES!

Lives of all great men remind us we can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us footprints on the sands of time.

HORATIUS COCLES was one of the few heroes of antiquity who seem to have reaped a rich reward for their noble deeds whilst living. It is a sad fact, but nevertheless a true one, that the world is ever ready to eulogise a man when once they know they have got him safe in his seven feet of earth, allowing him, however, to end a life of toil and suffering without once extending to him the aiding hand of sympathy. Believing himself "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung," he dies a miserable death, probably reproaching himself with his latest breath for doing so much for a cold world, whose sense of gratitude was so pitifully small. Of what avail to him the marble tombstone, with its long catalogue of virtues inscribed thereon? Would he not have given them all, whilst living, for the thought that even one of all those he had toiled for would follow his corpse to its last resting-place, and drop a tear of woe on the pauper's grave? England's greatest genius, the "immortal bard," though not actually having been allowed to starve, had doubtless many a trouble to make "both ends meet;" whilst Milton's purse, too, was none of the heaviest. We can well imagine the reproaches he would have to bear

from his shrew of a wife, and how his pale brow would blanchen at every petty rise in meat and bread, for butchers and bakers were the same hard-hearted class in those days as now. The *literati* of Grub Street, with their mode of living from hand to mouth, are too well known to need recording here. Indeed, we must at once proceed to the popular men of to-day, or our subject will become too comprehensive for even the active pen of a Braddon or Mayne Reade. Sergeant Bates, once the recipient of aldermanic hospitalities, when "high places in hall a welcome guest" he listened to the prosy eloquence of civic dignitaries, is now more usefully employed in chopping up firewood for the use of the inhabitants of a small village in the United States. Doctor Kenealy, too, whose oratory once even Royalty flocked to hear, who in the zenith of his fame compared himself to a "lion shaking the dewdrops from his mane," is now engaged in shaking the inkdrops from his pen for the benefit of a London advertising tailor. Even the overpowering genius of a Whalley and a Gorman does not meet with the approbation it so well deserves in the unfeeling hearts of men, whilst many would not be surprised to hear of the noble De Morgan in a workhouse or lunatic asylum, and some few would actually not hasten to get him out. A poor nobleman, whose only crimes were falsehood, theft, and manslaughter, is left to linger in a common gaol at Dartmoor; and if once the press of this city were to refuse to insert the advertisements of his benevolence, a certain princely-favoured philanthropist would have to again take refuge in that dense obscurity in which the doubtless noble actions of his early life are unjustly shrouded.

"Such is life —" *

* Here the writer indulges in such a string of common-place quotations that, doubting if the stream of his eloquence would ever cease to flow, we are compelled to bring his remarks to a rather sudden conclusion. We hope he will not, owing to this, be one of those heroes who consider themselves unjustly treated by an unfeeling world.—Ed.

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE!

IN our late biographical sketch of that admirable philanthropist, W. Aronsberg, Esq., M.P., we omitted to mention that on the occasion of his being presented at Court his name stood first on the list, and that consequently he was presented before anybody else—a distinguished honour, which is seldom accorded to those whose names do not begin with A.

An expurgated edition of Mr. Long's account of his work in Bulgaria has now been published. It affords excellent reading.

DEAN STANLEY, in a capital speech, has been again urging a cause which the *Jackdaw* has at heart—namely, the opening of libraries and museums on Sundays. It is a singular thing that though we live under a Jewish dispensation as regards the Sabbath, in respect to national recreation, the only persons who are permitted to open their doors to the public on Sunday should be those "licensed to sell intoxicating liquor."

JULIUS CÆSAR is the name of a horse. Julius Cæsar was favourite for the City and Suburban. On the day of the race a forged telegram was sent, which materially changed the betting. Julius Cæsar won that race. Julius Cæsar was, next, favourite for the Great Northern Handicap, at short odds. Julius Cæsar was "scratched" a couple of hours before the race. There is a screw loose somewhere, so people say—but not with the horse. The animal is all right.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us. A Seasonable Story.—You should call it the winter's tail. W. J. B.—We have already dealt with the subject.

WORMALD'S COUGH SPECIFIC.—The most agreeable and effectual remedy ever introduced for the cure of coughs, colds, bronchitis, and asthma. Sold by most chemists, in bottles, 13d. and 2s. 6d. each, or may be had direct from the Proprietor, Shudehill, Manchester.

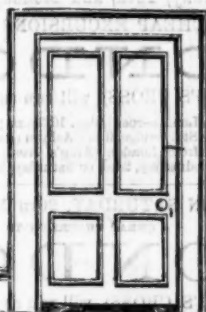
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HAND'S CELEBRATED REMEDIES.

HAND'S ROYAL BLOOD MEDICINE, for the cure of ulcerated legs, ulcerated sores on the neck, old wounds, pimples, scurvy, blotches, postules, itch, glandular swellings, tumours, cancerous ulcers, king's evil, piles, ulcerated lungs and liver, consumption, gout, rheumatic gout, lumbago, gravel, nervous debility, and general weakness from whatever cause arising. Prepared only by **WILLIAM HANDS, CHEMIST, CHELTENHAM**, and sold in bottles, 1s. 6d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, by respectable chemists and medicine vendors in the United Kingdom. Two large bottles generally cure the worst cases.—N.B. HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA presented Mr. Hands with a splendid engraving of her own portrait on November 4, 1875. Mr. Hands sends two 4s. 6d. bottles carriage paid to any address for 9s., one bottle 5s. Letters with stamp answered.

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On Saturday, 19th, and Monday, 21st May, CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO **LONDON** (KING'S CROSS), will run as under:—
Manchester (London-road), dep. 10 5 a.m.; Oldham (Chag-street), 9 40; Stalybridge, 9 50; Ashton (Park Parade), 9 54. Returning from London (King's Cross) at 10 40 a.m. (at option) on Wednesday, 23rd, or Saturday, 26th May.

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